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1920

The Wesleyan

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The Wesleyan

Ad Astra per Asperum

Wesleyan College

Macon, Ga.

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Rose began to speak rapidly to cover her fright.

"The ceremony was at *Tante* Lena's house. Mamma and I were there," she said. She hesitated for a moment, then glancing timidly at her father, she pleaded, "Please, Father, thou wilt let them come home, *nisht?* Davy hast declared that Sarah must not come home unless thou sendest for her." Rose stopped with a frightened gasp.

At first, Old Samuel seemed dazed, as if he did not understand what was being said. Finally the full import of the speech dawned upon him. His face grew white and strained; his hands slowly clenched. With a terrible oath, he began, in rapid Yiddish, to curse David, now his son-in-law, and Sarah, his daughter. Furiously he turned upon Rose. "Where is thy mother? Dost thou hear me, Rosy? The ungrateful one, the cursed one! Never must they enter my doors. Thou and thy mother must never see them!" he stormed, gesticulating wildly with his arms.

The days and weeks slipped by. In vain Becky and little Rose begged to be allowed to see Sarah. At times it seemed that Old Samuel would weaken, but stubborn pride always conquered in the end and Sarah was not allowed to return to or even to visit her home. Mother Becky seemed gradually to lose her bustling air. Too often there was a hint of tears in her eyes and in her voice. It was her chief delight, on the evening when Old Samuel was absent from home on *shool* business, to sit and talk to Rose about Sarah,—how pretty she was, what a good, obedient daughter she had always been until young David began to call at the Levi home.

"Ah, Davy!" Mother Becky would smile tenderly as she asked little Rose, "Dost thou remember, Rosy, the night Davy asked Father if he might marry Sarah? Father said '*Nein*,' but Mamma could not see her Sarah unhappy. Rosy, didst thou kiss Davy at the wedding?"

Little Rose, always deeply attached to her elder sister, seemed to pine away. She missed the encouragement in her sister's ever-cheerful voice. She missed the tender kindness and wise counsel in the little affairs of her daily life. She missed the intimate bed-time chats and the old exchange of

confidences. Little Rose was quieter now, more reserved. There was no one to stand between her and the hard knocks of the world. It had always been Sarah who shielded her from the jibes and taunts of her play-fellows at school. It had been Sarah, who in late years had made Rosy's neat, attractive clothes, and had forced Rosy to go with her and share all her good times. Yes, Rosy missed her sister.

But the greatest change of all was in Old Samuel. He too, seemed more reserved. He was stern now, seldom smiling. He was cynical whenever marriage for little Rose was mentioned. No one dared speak of Sarah or Davy in his presence. But Old Samuel had his moments of relenting. Occasionally he would wonder if perhaps he had not been too severe with the children. Sarah had been a good daughter. Perhaps David was right. Maybe he ought to compromise. Davy had said that he would keep a *kosher* house and go to *shool*. Sometimes Old Samuel almost consented—but no, he would not consent! Stubborn pride conquered. The daughter of a Levi married to a man who worked on *Shabbos*! His pride was stronger than his love. He did not relent and Sarah did not come home.

Spring came, and with it the Feast of Passover. For several weeks before the first night of the holiday, Mother Becky and little Rose were busy with bustling, happy preparation. The little home was scoured from attic to cellar. The fat white geese were no longer cackling shrilly in the yard. They had been killed for the holiday feast. Passover wine had been made from grapes and had been stored for use during this week.

At last came the *Seder* night. The last bit of leaven had been burned. Little Rose had prepared the *horaseth* and had molded it into little bricks to represent the bricks made by the Israelites in Egypt. The leg bone of the chicken had been roasted to represent the bone of the paschal lamb, the bits of vegetable representing spring were on the table, and last of all, the three layers of *matzos*, each covered with a napkin, were in front of Old Samuel's place. The glasses of wine were filled to overflowing. A special large glass, originally for the prophet Elijah, now for the chance guest, was in a place of honor on the table.

The hearts of Mother Becky and little Rose were heavy with sadness on this Seder night. This was the first *Seder* that any member of the family had ever been away from home. Sarah and her husband were to be the guests of Aunt Lena for the *Seder*. Mother Becky found herself picturing this other supper. Did Sarah miss her parents, her home, on this night?

Little Rose thought and worried. Could not her father be induced to allow Sarah and Davy to return? All day she brooded. At last, in the evening, when she was setting the table for the service, the thought came to her. She would steal the *Affrakamin*—a piece of unleavened bread hidden away until the end of the service, which gives to the person stealing it the power to have any wish granted. The *Affrakamin* with its wonderful potency would be the way!

The hour for the *Seder* service came. The candles were lighted. Old Samuel, in his black skull cap, took his seat at the head of the table, leaning on a pillow as was customary. Mother Becky sat on one side of him, little Rose on the other. The young sons of the family sat near the end of the table.

Old Samuel began the service with the customary lengthy, solemn, impressive prayer, then began to read from the ritual the long, ever-interesting story of the miraculous deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt. The service proceeded slowly, Old Samuel and his sons droning the ritual in musical Hebrew and swaying in rhythmical accompaniment. The *Affrakamin* was slipped behind Old Samuel's pillow. Still the service went smoothly on. Old Samuel read from the ritual the question asked at every Passover: "Why do we eat unleavened bread on this night, and on every other night eat leaven?" The youngest son shrilly piped the answer which had been carefully drilled into him by his elder brothers.

While all this was going on, no one had seen little Rose stoop down, on pretense of having dropped her napkin, and cautiously slip the *matzos* wrapped in a cloth napkin from behind the pillow.

Old Samuel droned out the service to the point where the *Affrakamin* was needed. He slipped his hand behind his cushion. The bread was gone. This was to be expected—someone always took it in the hope of getting his cherished wish granted. Old Samuel smiled indulgently and looked from one child to another. Little Rose stood up, and with tears in her eyes and with her lips quivering, said, "Father, my wish is to have Sarah and Davy with us now, tonight, for the supper."

Mother Becky gasped audibly and, casting a frightened glance at her husband, began to cry. The boys looked at little Rose in astonishment, amazed at her boldness in broaching the forbidden subject to their father.

Old Samuel sat fixed rigidly in his chair for a few minutes. His face whitened slightly, his thin lips trembled. He bowed his head on his hands and seemed to murmur and pray, swaying backward and forward. After a while, he raised his head, and, glancing tenderly at his wife, he said to little Rose, "Thy wish is granted. Send for them."

Joseph, the eldest son, was dispatched to *Tante* Lena's to bring the exiles home again. Mother Becky's heart was too full for words. Her dark eyes shone with happiness through the tears. She bustled around the house trying to busy herself in order to restrain her excitement. She seized a dustcloth and was industriously wiping off a chair for Sarah and one for Davy.

"Mother!" cried a well-beloved and well-remembered voice. Before Mother Becky could reply, she was almost smothered in her daughter's arms.

Old Samuel said little, but came forward in calm dignity, and as if there had never been any quarrel, held out his hand to his son-in-law and said, "Come, let us finish the *Seder*." He kissed his daughter affectionately on the forehead, and led her and her husband to the table to the two places which had been hastily set by Mother Becky,—not to the seat of the Prophet Elijah, for that was for the chance guest; and these two were not chance guests. Little Rose hovered about the table, smiling lovingly from one member of the family to another. The peaceful spirit of the Passover was with them all.

Wanderlust

*The voices of springtime are calling to me,
They beckon with myriad wiles;
They lure me, they haunt me, they croon soft and low;
They conquer with siren smiles.
The things of the Past in oblivion sink,
Of the cares of the Present I no longer think,
At the fount of Adventure I'm bidden to drink
Of water that lulls and beguiles.*

*A long winding road shimmers white in the sun,
A mocking bird trills to his mate;
And down near a brook where the wild sedges blow,
The wee, shy violets wait.
And deep in the forest, well hidden from man,
The fairies are dancing, the soft breezes fan,
While the birds in their music surpass the great Pan,
And the elves their strange prantics relate.*

*But ah! far away the road leads me on
To a world that is big and wide.
There's sorrow and joy, there's pleasure and pain,
Enchantments that won't be denied.
Though fain I would rest in this undisturbed nook,
Temptation is lurking where'er I may look,
And with hastening footsteps, all fancy forsook,
I go to meet Life untried.*

REBECCA CAUDILL, '20.

A Pair of Black Eyes

(Founded on Fact.)

MARGARET JORDAN, '21.

IT seems years ago now, and I guess the little Chilean Senorita has forgotten all about the two Americans whose lives she saved so long ago, but I haven't.

It was one of the warmest days in all December—an ideal day for a swim, if you were only expecting it—but let me tell the whole story.

I was a head-strong, impetuous kid and at eighteen I decided that a fortune was mine for the seeking. For several months I roamed about through Oklahoma and at last became connected with the Standard Oil Company. I had been with them for about five years when I had orders to go to South America to take charge of prospective oil lands.

It was on a bitter day in November that I left, and as I went up the gangplank to the steamer, I wondered when I would see old New York again. And though I didn't know it then, my chances of seeing the United States again were to rest in the hands of a very small, black-eyed girl, who through pity and affection saved *los dos Americanos*.

We had been under way some hours when I decided to go below and look over my mail. I had scarcely been in my cabin five minutes when the sound of loud voices in the next state-room brought me to my feet. There was threat and anger in the broken English spoken by one man; in the other voice I recognized the familiar tones of a New Yorker. I opened the door unannounced and found a very red-faced American energetically speaking to a dirty, evil-looking individual who continually repeated, "*Yo no se Ingles.*" The young American ceased his flow of words on hearing the door open, and turned, hoping for relief from someone who perhaps knew Spanish. He introduced himself as Paul Ranger and told me that he had found the Spaniard going through his satchels and was now trying to get him to understand that he would turn him over to the captain unless some explanations could be made. I explained to Ranger that he might as well let the man go, as

nothing could be gotten out of him. From the sly look on the face of the fellow, I knew that he understood our conversation perfectly, but for some reason wished to appear ignorant of English.

Ranger shrugged his shoulders as the door closed, and extended his hand, thanking me heartily for coming in. He asked me to sit down, and as I liked the fellow, I did. He told me he was on his way to South America to look after some banking business for his father.

We immediately became very good friends, as young people will, and before very long he knew my whole story.

Some weeks later we dropped anchor about half a mile out from a small town in Chile, and although neither Ranger nor I had any serious business to attend to, we decided to go on shore for a few hours.

After getting on land, and learning that the ship would be in port possibly twenty-four hours, we set out to see the little town. There wasn't much to be seen, but the surroundings were very picturesque. In one small cake shop we met a most attractive young girl who spoke broken English and used her bright black eyes to the detriment of our susceptible young hearts. She was dainty as well as beautiful, and was all that two lone, wandering young Americans could desire. Her tiny hands showed off to the best advantage while she was selling her cakes, and if on entering the shop you weren't hungry, the sight of Isabelleta handling her wares soon brought an appetite. From her we received an invitation to come to mass that evening at six o'clock. We both promised to be on hand. Turning to leave the shop, we encountered our greasy, dark-skinned friend of the steamer, who had professed not to know English. We passed out into the warm, sunny street, enjoying the lazy quiet and enjoying, too, the novel sensation of being stared at by the natives because of our foreign appearance—so we thought.

Six o'clock found us at the little church. It was half filled with the poor people of the little town, and we looked about eagerly for our little friend of the cake shop. The

smile we got from her was worth sitting through hours of unintelligible words for.

At last the service came to a close and we passed out of the church into the early dusk of evening. We were standing near the door, waiting for Isabelleta, when we were sharply accosted by a short individual whose uniform proclaimed him a policeman. He arrested us and in an excited, high-pitched voice urged us on before him, repeating constantly, "*Espiones! Espiones!*" He seemed determined that we should take the direction which he indicated, none too gently; and thinking it all a mistake, we jokingly complied.

We were brought up before a long, low building that appeared to be the town lock-up, and urged by our little guide we soon found ourselves in a small cell behind a securely fastened iron door.

Up until then the whole thing had been a joke, and it still seemed to us an amusing episode, to be related when we were back on ship-board; but we wanted the mistake corrected, and we also wanted to be released.

Before long a key scraped in the lock and we got up, expecting to walk out. A candle and a note were handed us; and the door, to our chagrin, was shut again, and as it swung to, its clanging held an ominous note.

Eagerly we opened the note. To our horror we found written in clear English that we were sentenced to be shot at six o'clock the following morning and that since we were charged with being spies, we would be given no trial.

To me the situation had its laughable side, and I turned to Ranger with a jest on my tongue; but at the sight of his face all humor left me. He was pale and trembling and seemed absolutely paralyzed with fear. At last he regained his self control sufficiently to tell me that he had lied about going to South America on business for his father—that he was really seeking information against a certain company of men in South America who were using and selling lands which belonged to the real estate company which he represented; and that the plans and maps of the land to be in-

vestigated had been stolen from his satchel by the South American on ship board.

The situation was no laughing matter now, because I clearly saw the hopelessness of trying to explain to the authorities the presence of maps of South American lands in the hands of a foreigner.

There was no time to think of reproaches; instead, we turned our attention toward an effort to escape. After finding the door hopeless, we next considered the windows as a possible chance for escape. Shaking the bars loose was clearly impossible, so we sat down to collect our wits before trying a new venture.

Suddenly a slight rustling at one of the windows aroused every nerve in my body. I slowly drew near the left one. By the pale light of a half moon I saw the face of Isabelleta turned up toward the window, her great black eyes filled with pity. Standing on tiptoe, she thrust her small, dainty hands through the bars and I took from them what they held, while in broken English she told me how we were to escape.

The plan was a good one and suited me admirably. It would be a tedious but easy task to file through the bars with the tool Isabelleta had given me, and the swim of half a mile to the ship was nothing for a husky chap. But when I laid the plans before Ranger his only response was a deep groan—for he couldn't swim.

This news did not discourage me. Leaving Ranger I went over to the window, and thanking the little Chilean girl with a voice I couldn't keep firm, I assured her that we would wait until nearly dawn and then make a break for escape. As I gently pressed her hands to my lips, she murmured softly in my ears a sweet phrase I shall always remember: "*Adios, Senor, vaya usted con Dios!*" I stood by the window until the last flutter of her white dress had passed out of sight, then I roused Ranger and told him to get to work with the file.

At last enough of the bars were loosened and we had only to wait for the darkest hour—then make a dash for it.

The time came. I told Ranger that when he got to the

pier he was to jump, and that when he came up I would have him under the chin ready to tow him.

Slowly we sneaked out of the window and, keeping in the shadow of the buildings, we were doing well until, looking back, I noticed a small policeman who was standing in a doorway peacefully dozing. The next moment our footsteps awakened him, and I shouted to Ranger to make a run for it—and run we did! To the tune of "*Caramba! Caramba! Parese! Parese!*" uttered by our pursuer, we tore down the street. I was ahead and on reaching the pierhead made a flying dive into the water, expecting Ranger to follow; but the poor fellow stood there motionless, terrified by the depth of the cool, greenish water beneath, while the policeman gained on him every moment. When the man was almost near enough to touch Ranger, he jumped and came up struggling and gasping. In his fear he tried to clutch me, and I saw that if I hoped to save both of us I would have to knock him out. One blow was enough and I started off with his inert body under my arm.

By this time the pier was filled with gesticulating, excited men and women. As no boat was near, I feared only gun shots—for these little fellows hate the water.

That was the longest half mile I ever swam, and I was truly thankful to turn Ranger over to the ministrations of the ship's doctor, when they pulled us over on deck. In a few words I told the story, and plans were made to get under way immediately.

I am a staid old benedict now. If time permitted, I could tell of my adventures in Australia and of my experiences in France fighting under the English flag in the Great War; but I must tell you that I brought home an English bride; that my mother's happiness was complete because her rolling stone had at last settled down. Yet sometimes in the dusk of a summer's evening I see those great black eyes once more and hear again, "*Adios, Senor, vaya usted con Dios!*"

The Lollards

ANNELU HIGHTOWER, '20.

THE fourteenth century was an era of religious decline in western Europe, and especially in England. The Papacy could command no respect nor obedience except among the clergy and certain of the common people. The high officials of the church had grown wealthy and worldly; and the church service had become a mere formality.

According to Froude, Lollardy forms no proper part of the history of the Reformation, but has a history of its own. It was a "prelude, played out, and then it sank into silence."

The Lollard story opens with the disputes between the English crown and the see of Rome on the question of appointing church officers. The crown had claimed and exercised the right of nominating archbishops, bishops, and other high church officers. By the Great Charter the privilege of free election had been given to the clergy, who used it in their election of the bishops. The names of the bishops were then submitted to the Pope, and if they were approved, the election was complete. This gave the Pope practically entire control over English church officers. The greatest opposition to this practice came from the common people.

One who saw clearly the evils of the time and was not afraid to speak plainly was John Wycliffe. He was born in Yorkshire and educated at Oxford. He and his followers preached not of relics and indulgences, but of repentance and the grace of God. They translated the Bible and carried copies of it from place to place. They worked, too, to abolish imprisonment for debt. They also attacked four other evils of the day—corporal penance; pilgrimage, which in one aspect was a form of penance; purchase, the commutation of penance; and special masses for the dead.

Wycliffe's creed or chief doctrines were:

1. That the material substance of bread and of wine remains, after the consecration, in the sacrament of the altar.

2. That the accidents do not remain without the subject, after the consecration, in the same sacrament.

3. That Christ is not in the sacrament of the altar identically, truly, and really in His proper corporal presence.

4. That if a bishop or priest lives in mortal sin he does not ordain, nor consecrate, nor baptize.

5. That if a man has been truly repentant, all external confession is superfluous or useless to him.

6. That if the Pope is foreordained to destruction, and a wicked man, and therefore a member of the devil, no power has been given to him over the faithful of Christ by any one, unless perhaps by the Emperor.

7. That since Urban VI, no one is to be acknowledged as pope; but all are to live, in the way of the Greeks, under their own laws.

8. That it is against sacred scripture that men of the church should have temporal possessions.

9. That no prelate ought to ex-communicate any one unless he first knows that the man is ex-communicated by God.

10. That those who neglect to preach or to hear the word of God, or the gospel that is preached, because of the ex-communication of men, are ex-communicate, and in the day of judgment will be considered as traitors to God.

11. That tithes are purely charity, and that parishioners may, on account of the sins of their curates, detain these and confer them on others at their will.

12. That friars should be required to gain their living by the labor of their hands and not by mendicancy.

Lollardy spread over almost the entire country, though the chief centers were around Leicester, in the west of England, and in London. The beginning of the disturbance was mostly at Oxford. Here there were two factions, the regulars and the seculars. The monks and the friars hated bitterly the seculars, though they were scarcely less bitter toward each other. Wycliffe's doctrines added a fresh element of discord. In spite of the numerous orders, these heresies continued to spread. On Corpus Christi day the

town was in an uproar; the students were armed and the militia was ordered out. An order had been received in the school to publish letters condemning Wycliffe. This came as the result of a conference called by Archbishop Courtenay and held at the Blackfriars' Convent in London to pass judgment upon Wycliffe's opinions. This was a new and important move in the game. An earthquake occurred during the session, which Wycliffe declared to be an omen in his favor.

After issuing more orders, the orthodox party took charge of Oxford, and Wycliffe was forbidden to enter. The university was lost to the Lollards, who were scattered throughout England.

After Henry V. came to the throne there were numerous uprisings, and many people were condemned to be burned as heretics. Chief among these was Sir John Oldcastle, who had been a friend of the king. After refusing to give up his beliefs, he was summoned to court. He adopted the position that the church had no jurisdiction over him and refused to obey until the king's writ for his arrest arrived. He boldly confessed his beliefs; was proclaimed a heretic, and handed over to secular law. He was imprisoned in the tower, but managed to escape and remained free for three years. He was finally captured and was hanged as a traitor and burned as a heretic.

In spite of the many statutes passed for the suppression of freedom of thought and action, the people of England continued to claim more rights and liberties. "Lollardy was but one of the many channels along which flowed the tide of lay revolt." The rebellion against Rome foreshadowed the one to be launched later against the state.

Spring on the Ocean

*Oh, the springtime has come in the meadows,
Where daisies and cowslips nod;
And the springtime has come on the mountains
That lift their great peaks to God;
The trees are a-stir and a-whisper—
The whole earth is waking anew;
But I wonder—I wonder—have you ever thought
That it's spring on the ocean, too?*

*Sure, the springtime has come on the ocean;
The storm-clouds have taken their flight—
Have doffed their somber-hued mantles
For raiment of billowy white;
And the face of the ocean is changing
From grey-black to smiling blue—
Ah, the springtime has come in the meadows,
But it's spring on the ocean, too!*

*Sure, the springtime has come on the ocean;
For the blustering, wintry gales
Have blown far away with the storm-clouds,
And the gentlest of breezes prevails;
It kisses the white-capped wavelets
That dance on the sparkling blue—
Yes, the springtime has come in the meadows,
But it's spring on the ocean, too!*

—ELSA LOGAN, '20.

Behind the Mask

DOROTHY WARE, '20.

"W HITHER away, and why the hurry?" came through a cloud of multi-colored confetti to the ears of Donald Fisher. He paused in the zig-zag course he was weaving through the gayly jostling and pushing crowd of festive merrymakers, and saw the girl who had thus addressed him. A black mask partially concealed her features, but below it there smiled a pair of red lips. She was lifting her hand with a second dash of confetti.

"I say, please stop—I surrender!" he expostulated, battling against the flying particles. "That is, if you don't throw any more of that confounded stuff down my neck!" he added.

"Truce accepted, provided you answer my question."

"Where am I going? Anywhere that you'll go with me, my pretty maid. Just stay with me until twelve and we'll give the New Year as jolly a welcome as this old town has ever witnessed."

"Fair enough. Here we go," assented she, with an expectant sparkle of the dark eyes shining through the mask.

"You're game, all right. Now, lead on, lady of the red lips, and remember that it's a long time until twelve o'clock."

"So much the better," she replied as they pushed their way onward along the crowded streets. "This is the chance of the year to have a high old time; and what could be more exciting than welcoming the New Year with a person whom you've never seen before?"

"How can you be sure that we don't know each other? These masks are able to conceal many familiar features."

"True. Perhaps we are life-long friends. We can appease our consciences with that possibility, anyway," she laughed.

The contagious hilarity of the happy, heedless, laughing crowd which thronged the brilliantly-illuminated streets found a responsive note in the youthful, adventurous spirits

of Donald Fisher and the girl at his side. Through ceaseless clouds of pelting confetti, through a maze of entangling paper ribbons, in the midst of the unremitting jangle of bells and the blowing of horns, they made their way onward. Sometimes they paused before a group of grotesquely-costumed singers or comedians whose rollicking good-humor increased the prevalent feeling of care-free irresponsibility.

"This seems to be a great attraction," the girl remarked, as they reached the borders of a square space cleared for a dance. For several minutes they stood watching the masked dancers as they swayed rhythmically to and fro with the impelling harmonies of a military band. Then they were in the midst of it, gliding and sliding with hair-breadth escapes from collisions.

"It's much more fun to watch the others," the girl said finally when they halted breathless at the edge of the crowd.

"Too much of a mob here, anyway. Let's move on. Isn't it about time for a bite to eat? What do you say?"

The easy flow of jesting trivialities and gay repartee ceased when the two regarded each other across a snowy-white expanse of a palm-screened table for two. In the soft light of the rose-shaded tapers, Donald Fisher studied this woman whom Fate had thrown across his path. Could she be only a frivolous-hearted girl whose sole purpose it was to captivate every promising-looking young man? He wondered this, noting the daintily-tapering white hands, the firm centercleft chin, the ever-smiling mouth at whose corners two dimples lurked, the low, vibrant voice whose accents bespoke culture, and finally the sparkle which betrayed the mocking eyes behind the mask.

"Tell me, fair lady, would you be willing to do me a great favor?" he asked as he filled their glasses.

"Anything, tonight. It's New Year's Eve, you know," she agreed nonchalantly.

"Seriously, I'm in a bunch of trouble, and you can do me a world of good if you're game to put my scheme through."

"Lead on, Macduff."

"Well, here goes. I am to meet my most honored sister-in-law at the Carlton at twelve. Pardon personalities, but the aforesaid madam is deeply interested in having her handsome brother-in-law take unto himself a wife, and has even gone so far as to select the article. While said brother-in-law is not particularly loath to go under the yoke, he is positive on the subject of having the right to choose his yokefellow. But here are the facts: Brother and Ann are to meet me at twelve and with them will be the approved Lady Claire, a schoolmate of Ann's. I feel slightly sorry for her, for she surely must disapprove of such drastic measures to effect an alliance, and must dread meeting me as much as I do her. So to relieve us both—won't you go with me to the rendezvous and allow me to introduce you as the future Mrs. Donald Fisher?"

A slight gasp came through the parted red lips. "But won't the Lady Claire be disappointed?"

"I'll warrant she'll be glad; for she can have the rest of her life to admire whom she pleases without having Ann forever raving about 'Brother Donald.' "

Donald's courage did not ebb as they approached the Carlton, nor even when he spied the stately person of his sister-in-law motioning to them across the room.

"By the way," he exclaimed as they hurried along, "tell me your name, quick! How can I introduce you?"

"Can't you just say that I'm your fiancee? I am that for tonight, you know."

"If we get engaged on such short notice, what would we do on longer acquaintance?"

As she made no response, he continued, "Suppose we try it—what do you say, lady of the red lips,—will you force our friendship to end with tonight?"

The sparkling eyes looked encouraging; but just then their conversation was interrupted by the voice of Ann—

"Well, Claire, your scheme has evidently worked splendidly. I've never seen Donald so much interested in any one before!"

Blue Ridge Section

All Aboard for Blue Ridge!

MONDAY, June 2, 1919—We hear that the train leaves Atlanta at 10:45 P. M. on Monday night, June 2, 1919. In order not to be left, and to avoid the rush, we leave for the city at 2 P. M. We buy a dress, et cetera, being desirous of impressing the natives. We hunt a quick lunch counter to revive our strength. (Our fond parents leave us to continue the perilous journey alone after admonishing us whatever we do not to forget to send them a card the minute we arrive. This we duly promise.) We are thrown on our own resources in the great city of Atlanta. A picture show suggests itself to our minds. We attend. What is it? I don't know. Everybody is taking his or her nightly exercise by running up and down the aisles. One man steps over the back of a seat. The seat flies up. His foot hangs. He is suspended, as it were. Finally he is rescued.

It is 9 P. M. We fear that our train will not wait. We rush for the terminal, hastily uncheck our suitcases with forty cents, attach a porter, and the great trip commences. The train stands docilely on the track. The conductor hands back a piece of our ticket. What are we to do with it? Of course, that's to put in our memory book. We pay the good, kind porter who has brought our telescopes, then inspect our resting place. All things being considered, it does very well. A fat soldier is above us. He mounts the ladder with great confidence. How do I know? Oh, well, er—er—that's unimportant. As I was about to say, we test our roof to see if it is safe. It is. For about an hour we worry over being in the same car with some girls whose tickets go farther than ours. We expect to be put off at Spartanburg, but we'll bear up courageously. Finally we sleep. Suddenly we don't sleep. And thus it goes. Our hair stands on end and our spine gets thrilly when we get our first glimpse of the mountains.

We guess it is Tuesday, June 3, 1919. We arrive in Spartanburg. No dinner. Remain about one hour. Lunch room is occupied by G. N. & I. C. and S. G. S. N. S. No hopes. We go eatless. Kind lady passes around a big box of chocolate candy. We help lighten her load. Have borne up bravely so far, but are overcome by so much sweetness. We begin to arrive in the mountains. We race with Agnes Scott for the rear platform. Both of us win. We mount the dizzy heights. Another engine has attached itself to the rear car and right valiantly shoves us along. We get there. We tour Asheville, N. C., Sunset Mountain and Grove Park Inn, all for 84c per person. We lunch at the Y. W. All is very fine. The train leaves for Black Mountain at 4 P. M. We did not get left. On account of the crowd we sit in the dining car. We are not impressed; felt rather sickish. After much exertion the little dinky arrived. We greatly enriched the taxi drivers. Won't try to describe R. E. Lee Hall. Buy a post card.

Lecture after supper. We buy a program so we can see what the subject is. Recognize Valdosta, G. N. I., and Tallahassee faces, but are blank as to names. They are in the same condition. Investigations reveal many things. And thus the first day ends.

Wednesday, June 4.—Rising bugle at 6:50; however, you are not obliged to rise until later, and, like most college girls, you can dress on the way to breakfast.

We go to the dining room. "Good morning, everybody," Miss Vossler greets us. Each college tries to make the most noise singing. We subside. We are six.

"Oh, Shorter! she's got the pep!"

"Hum, tra, la, she sho' has got the pep,
Hail, Agnes Scott!"

So sing the others.

Morning worship at 8:45. We organize classes and receive instructions during the morning. Investigate the landscape during the afternoon. Also have an L. U. B. A. reception. Supposed to dress as movie actresses. Don't always do as we are supposed to.

Sleep between times. Sudden changes affect us that way. Another lecture. Dinner and supper have happened along during the day. Sudden changes also affect appetites. Try it, if you doubt our word.

Thursday, June 5.—Get up, eat breakfast, go to what we are supposed to. Eat dinner. Take a nap. Hike to Spanish Villa. (Strawberries growing by the wayside.) They tell us it is two miles on the level, but there must have been some upheavals since their day. There is no level, and two miles can seem mighty long sometimes. The old Spanish woman tells us marvelous tales. We doubt, and begin to investigate the house for ourselves; we find 5 telephones in one room, all kinds of historic paintings, dust of the ages, a chapel—then *she* finds *us* and chases us away. We arrive at R. E. Lee Hall in fainting condition. We cut the evening lecture. (Secretly, it wasn't the only one we cut.)

Friday, June 6.—Get up; eat breakfast; go to some classes; cut some. Too much hiking hath made us lame. We decide to rest and take life easy for a few days. We do so.

Saturday, June 7.—According to schedule all day. Nothing of importance at the conference. Spend the night in town with an old Wesleyanite. Her family proves to be quite interesting.

Sunday, June 8.—Get up and eat breakfast, but not as usual. Hike back to Blue Ridge, about 3 miles. Go to church. Cloudy, but no rain.

Monday, June 9.—'Tis running on regular schedule at full speed, we are. Attend mail call, but all effort is vain. Visit book store. (This has become quite a part of each day's work.) Still attending lectures and classes at intervals.

Tuesday, June 10.—We visit Biltmore. Eight to a car, but 9 of us squeeze in. Our lives are in danger several times. We transfer to a Ford on arriving at the promised land. A car is allowed to carry only 6 passengers. The roads are delicate. The rhododendrons are blooming; be-

ing Vanderbilts, they are ahead of all the others. Mrs. V. is away, so we drive in front of the house. "No picture taking permitted," but it is. We visit the cows. We buy ice cream. Too much of the good stuff for us. We exit, and return. Sadly we part with \$2.50.

Wednesday, June 11.—We hike. We have no guide. We are lost. Finally we locate ourselves and return safely.

Thursday, June 12.—The day breaks. The sun sets, night falls. We pack our ten pairs of shoes and get ready to leave.

Friday, June 13.—The grand exodus. Girls go in every direction. We tour the state of Tennessee, thence journey back to Atlanta. We land at home, having traveled extensively and become experienced in the ways of the world.

ANNELU HIGHTOWER, '20.

Blue Ridge and Wesleyan

THE Y. W. C. A. summer conference is to be held at Blue Ridge June 4-14. What part will Wesleyan play in this conference?

As evidenced by the editorial, *A Retrospect*, in the February issue of THE WESLEYAN, Wesleyan of today is not the Wesleyan of even three years ago. The war has succeeded in loosing her of some of the cumbersome shackles of tradition; and Wesleyan of today is an institution that is waking up to the onward march of progress.

Wesleyan has many things of which to be proud, but looking back over the past ten years of her history one is forced to have a mental picture of Wesleyan in the place of the Protestant churches, about which was recently said, "We sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' but the churches of Christ have not been marching onward. They have merely been marking time!"

A great many things have happened at Wesleyan during the last twelve months that have served as eye-openers not only to disinterested onlookers and to the friends of the col-

lege, but to the faculty and students as well. The remarkable fact about this progress is that the students themselves have been in large measure responsible for it. For instance, a multitude of wiseacres looked on and shook their heads, and we imagine that inwardly they expatiated at length on the "exuberance of youth" that is doomed to disappointment, when the Centenary committee said last spring that Wesleyan would give \$5,000.00 to the cause. It might be said that not much encouragement was to be had from the wiseacres but they were interested enough to peep through their portholes occasionally and inquire, "What of the subscriptions?" The poster exhibited at the Des Moines Convention that attracted the attention as well as the comment of men and women from all over the world, and the little chapel that is being erected in China with a cornerstone inscribed to the faith of Wesleyan students is evidence enough that \$10,000.00 in the place of \$5,000.00 is not such a bad achievement after all. And who did it? The students.

The Des Moines Convention has been the one factor which has awakened Wesleyan to a realization of her possibilities. Heretofore, it seems that the only qualification necessary for a delegate who is to attend a convention of world character, both in thought and in personnel, is a railroad pass. Last fall the wiseacres were, as usual, on the job, and the first thing they did was to search for possessors of railroad passes—not that we decry railroad passes, but we are nevertheless glad that such an article is not the essentially prime inherent quality of a world citizen. As a result of the faith and untiring energy of the majority of her students, Wesleyan had nine representatives at the Des Moines Convention. This number was exceeded by that of only one of the other girls' schools in Georgia.

The annual training council was held at Agnes Scott College March 19-21. For the first time since Wesleyan has had a Young Women's Christian Association, all the cabinet officers attended the training council. This was largely because of the fact that they were sufficiently interested in their work to desire to put their best efforts into it for the

coming year, and because they realized that much is expected of them.

The Cleveland Convention was held April 13-20. Wesleyan was entitled to three representatives in this convention. They were elected and they went.

The Georgia Student Volunteer Convention was held at Athens April 9-11. The Student Volunteers of Wesleyan sent seven of their own number, and five others went also.

The Blue Ridge delegations of former years, while imbued with an abundance of Blue Ridge spirit, have been too sadly lacking in number to carry much Wesleyan spirit to Blue Ridge or much Blue Ridge spirit home to Wesleyan. We would not disparage their efforts; they have acquitted themselves creditably under the untoward circumstances. But when the shouts and yells begin to go up in volumes in the Blue Ridge dining room and Wesleyan is too little and self-conscious even as much as to venture out on a yell; when stunts are only looked at and not indulged in; when sports are enjoyed individually but not as a college group—then Wesleyan girls are almost forced to whisper the name of their alma mater apologetically, especially when confronted by the hosts of girls from G. N. & I. C., Agnes Scott, Shorter, and Brenau, to say nothing of the schools out of the state.

Wesleyan should have at least twenty girls at Blue Ridge this year. Provisions have been made to accommodate everyone desiring to attend, from freshmen to seniors inclusive. There is no reason why we should not have twenty delegates. The question of expense is the only drawback, and when one pauses to think in how many various ways and how easily money has been raised for other conventions, she will realize that the money question is no longer the bugaboo of former days.

Contrasted with this, there is every reason why twenty girls should attend the conference. The coming into contact with hundreds of other Southern girls with one great end in view, is of inestimable value to the moral and religious as well as to the social life of the girl who attends the Blue Ridge conference. Her meeting and talking and studying

with men and women who have accomplished things is a privilege to be coveted. To be able to look out on the thousand hills that belong to God, to revel in their majesty and to worship their beauty, to see the Creator in the pink of the rhododendron, to feel His presence in the hush of the mountain breezes, to hear His voice in the babbling of a mountain stream—all these are opportunities not to be decried as belonging to the realm of little things. To be able to represent a school whose students are interested in world conditions and world movements is enough to make a girl hold up her head with pride. To have the privilege of carrying back to that school plans that when carried out will uplift and ideals that will ennoble the womanhood of the institution is no mean task.

Wesleyan should have twenty representatives at Blue Ridge. Shall we send them?

REBECCA CAUDILL, '20.

The Spirit of Blue Ridge

TO those of us who have been there, no spot in all the world compares with Blue Ridge. The fun at the Y. W. C. A. conference is of a kind all its own. From the first supper, when yells and songs are given by the different colleges, to the last evening, there is pep and plenty of it.

Not an afternoon passes without definite plans by the leaders to make time fly. The long hikes up the mountains, in the jolly company of congenial girls, seem short, and the view from the summits is the kind that leaves a hush in the heart. The "Haunted House" has its attractions, too. And always there are the tennis courts and the swimming pools. Within the past four years, Wesleyan has won three first places in the tennis tournaments—two for singles and one for doubles. We must keep up the good work!

But that which makes Blue Ridge mean most is the fact that there the soul seems close to the spirit of God. We

"walk with Him and talk with Him," indeed. He speaks through the Mission and Bible Study courses. His messages ring in the words of the splendid speakers who come from all parts of the world. His voice comes to us especially from the vastness of distances, the might of mountain ranges, the glory of the sunsets, the very silences. The soul cannot fail to respond to all this in humble worship and in intense longing to be of some worth—to serve this perfect God more perfectly.

Blue Ridge means a definite change in the lives of the girls who are fortunate enough to go there, and beyond that, in the many lives they are to touch later with their own.

Make this trip to Blue Ridge a part of your summer plans. Be assured that nothing else can give you half the pleasure and satisfaction that it will give. Know that you will find it far beyond your highest expectations. Plan now to go, and let nothing interfere with your plans. Let's send a full quota from Wesleyan!

IDA MALLARY COBB, '20.

Editorials

THE breath of spring, the hope of Easter,—these are ours.

Have some of us had thoughts beyond the common round and allowed them to lie smothered by the monotony of the everyday? Have some of us ideals so bright that they have been scorned as fantasy, never to be realized? Have we allowed the dull cold of winter to find its way into our souls?

The trees are budding in the freshness of new green. The snow drops lift the purity of their tiny faces upward in trust before their Maker. The birds are softly singing love melodies, unafraid to work out the realization of their hopes. The sky has discarded the sombre grey for the soft brightness of pink and orange—as at no other time.

"Earth with her thousand voices praises God,"
speaking the story of the risen Christ.

The Glorified One silently bids us lift our heads and, with eyes fixed on Him, let spring and light and life find their renewed abode within us.

Political Pot-Pourri

NEVER before has the situation preceding a presidential campaign been so complex. And never before has the election of a president been so important in its bearings on the future of the country.

Our nation, emerging from the volcanic fires of war, found that it had undergone, along with the nations of Europe, a mighty upheaval. Profound economic disturbances brought on by the conflict have become aggravated and keep the country in a constant state of turmoil; social unrest lurks in every nook and corner; capital and labor refuse to arbitrate but stand off and glower at each other; big business grows more aggressive; and problems of Bolshevism,

disloyalty and anti-nationalism continually arise and demand solution.

Conditions have so changed that America would hardly recognize herself as she was before the war. Theories, methods, and procedures which were adequate before 1914 are useless in attempting to cope with present-day affairs.

Labor itself is a powerful factor in the present situation. In large measure it has fallen into disrepute because of its narrow and selfish desire for privileges and possessions which benefit the minority at the expense of the majority. It lacks the ideal of "a commonwealth of co-operative services." Nevertheless, Labor is a figure in world affairs and wields great influence in America. It is unique in this country in that it has no organized party such as European nations have. Nevertheless, as Gompers in opposing the formation of a Labor party constantly points out, in its very lack of a party lies a large share of Labor's political power. Labor is more powerful today than it has ever been. Labor's votes are naturally cast for the candidate whose party offers it the greatest inducements. Consider what that means to Democrats and Republicans in these troublous times.

The uncertainty of the Treaty situation increases the confusion. Some think that Wilson will pigeon-hole the covenant and come out as a candidate for a third term on a platform based on the Treaty issue. Others, not desiring the question to enter the campaign, hope that he will find some way of resubmitting the Treaty to the Senate with such powerful appeal for reconsideration that the compact may be ratified with reasonable, rather than destructive, reservations.

Unless such a thing happens, the Treaty will undoubtedly be a campaign issue. In such a case matters would be further complicated since, although Republicans as a whole favor no adoption unless with reservations, there are many who wish to see it ratified as it stands. Likewise, there are many Democrats who agree with the general viewpoint of the opposing party.

Still another point on which there is much speculation is the question of prohibition. Although it is hardly probable that either party will have the temerity to adopt an anti-prohibition plank, yet the reaction against stringent prohibition and Edwards' outspoken declaration against the eighteenth amendment as an infringement upon local government or State's rights has made the question a live one and one in which the public, whether for or against the amendment, is vitally interested. Then there is a large class of people who regard the matter as a moral issue which should by no means be dragged into politics.

Further matters which must be considered in this political campaign are the question of woman suffrage, which the women have been so strenuously agitating, the income tax question, which has caused so much dissatisfaction, and the problem of dealing with incipient Bolshevism.

What is to come of this "confusion worse confounded" cannot be foretold. What the country needs is a renewed vision of what Americanism means. A leader should be chosen who has far-sighted vision, who sees the needs and problems of his country in all their phases, who possesses sympathy enough to want the evils remedied, and who has the determination and ability to make his visions become reality. Meanwhile the people can only speculate and leave it to the San Francisco and Chicago national conventions to select such a man and determine the platform on which the welfare and progress of the nation depend.

LAURA GARDEN,
The Macon Daily Telegraph, March 26.

A Plea for the Irish Drama

TODAY when the large majority of the plays that are fed to the gulping public are mere displays of lingerie, it is indeed time for the thinking public to stop this back-to-nature obsession, and to order something more substantial in the way of entertainment. Why not at least sample what the Irish through their playwrights and drama can offer you?

Unfortunately, few of us know the Irish drama, for unlike other immigrants, the Irish have not established a native theater which would serve as a radiating center for them and for those of us who are thus denied a first-hand knowledge of the characteristic creativeness of the Irish. Nor have they a daily newspaper as have their American neighbors, the Germans, the Italians, and the Yiddish-speaking Jews. This, however, is easily explained by the fact that the Irish are not aliens in language, and do not feel the need of national newspapers and amusement houses.

The Irishman is a born actor and is far-famed for his interpretative power of expression, his keen wit, and his sparkling changes of mood. These are all familiar to us, for we have borrowed the Irishman often for our own stage.

But the true side of the Irishman—the side we know the least about—is of an ancestry as mixed as are the Irish themselves. Ireland's folk tales and stories of superstition are as familiar by the American firesides as by the lakes of Killarney; but only the native can read into these tales the sympathy and color of his national life.

William Butler Yeats is the father of Irish drama. Without his moving power, Synge would not have been at all, and without his interest in her, Lady Gregory would not have been encouraged to write her wonderful folk history. *A Pot of Broth* is perhaps one of Yeats' best works.

Yeats handles his tales in such a masterly way because his boyhood was spent in wandering about, listening to the old Irish songs and stories. He has truthfully, intelligently and sympathetically represented the spiritual, intellectual and physical conditions of his country.

The Irish in America have not encouraged or supported the presentation of their peasant plays because most of them came from homes similar to those depicted in the plays, and they hate to be reminded of the former peasant life they so earnestly try to forget.

It is, then, the work of us Americans to investigate the Irish drama, to find its true worth and beauty, and to cause to be heard again the old-new folk tales that have been ours since childhood. Are they not much better than what our

already satiated appetites are being fed on by the modern plays?

MARY K. FAGAN, '21.

Long Live the Y. L. J.'s

THE girls of the Wesleyan class in journalism and Miss Garner are to be congratulated upon the splendid issue of The Macon Telegraph which the class got out March 26. This issue, it must be conceded, is far and away the best which any class in journalism has yet produced, and yet this year's class had had less time and training in actual reporting up to the time that they edited the Telegraph, than had any previous class.

A feature of the Wesleyan edition of the Telegraph this year was the sport page, which was quite as good as, if not actually better than, the usual daily page. The Wesleyan sport editor wrote every bit of the sport news and comment for the day—and it must be remembered that the Tigers and Braves were here then, with the big game only a day off.

The editorial page was splendid, the editorials covering political situations being especially well written. There was good variety in the news stories in the issue and there were plenty of those stories this year. Hats off to Miss Garner and the Y. L. J.'s!

Spring Has Cub

SPRING has cub!

How do I know it, you ask? In a thousand different ways. First, the old tree outside my window that has been seemingly dead and covered with mistletoe these many months, has put forth little baby sprouts of a delicate green hue—while, if I lean far out of my window, I can see in the distance up Vineville avenue a pale pink blotch. It is a peach tree in full bloom.

But more potent than these are the signs of Spring's advent at the college. Fashion has spread her wings for her spring flight and every Sunday sees her devotees appear,

arrayed in purple and fine linen—only for the traditional purple allow me to substitute navy blue, and for linen, taffeta—times change, you know.

Here and there on the campus and in the college one sees groups of languid damsels, with a far-away look in their eyes. When asked why this air of aloofness from the common herd, they reply with a shrug, "Oh, spring, I guess."

This insidious creature has actually beguiled herself into the heart of the faculty. 'Twas only a few days ago that Madame dismissed her French class a few minutes earlier than is her wont with the explanation:

"I'b dot feelig bery well this mornig. You bay go."

Ah, blessed Spring!

The botany pupils are all enthusiasm over their field trips. They come in bubbling over with joy and perspiration, a few withered flowers grasped in a grimy hand, as happy in the possession of their few modest specimens as Burbank would be over some new discovery in the world of flowers.

O Spring, that proclaimest the turning green of shrubs, trees, grass, and Christmas jewelry—hail!

LOUISE WITHINGTON, '21.

The Jester, 1919.

Locals

WILLIE SNOW, *Editor*

With the faculty of Wesleyan College acting as sweet and girlish seniors, and the seniors acting as dignified members of the teaching force, Faculty Night at the college last month afforded to the audience one big laugh after another.

That the seniors were to be members of the faculty and conduct chapel and faculty meeting was a well-known fact; but that the faculty would be seniors was a complete shock to everybody. Just as the members of the one-night faculty were seated on the platform, the members of the real faculty, dressed in senior robes, marched down the chapel aisle and took the front seats, occupied daily by the upper classman.

The "senior" line was headed by Mrs. M. M. Burks, with Miss Lillian Whitman following close on her heels. Prof. J. W. W. Daniel brought up the rear.

The members of the faculty, with the exception of Mr. Daniel, had their hair puffed away out on the side with many little curls coily framing their faces. Beautiful pink complexions, resembling those bought at the drug store, were much in evidence.

Miss Virginia Garner swung a dorin on her little finger, opened it between acts, and powdered her nose. She passed it several times to Miss Ernestine Grote, who gazed in the mirror and patted some powder on her nose.

Professor Daniel and Miss Whitman chewed lustily on some chewing gum. The entire number watched themselves portrayed by the seniors and laughed just as often as the rest of the audience.

The action was opened with Professor Daniel, portrayed by Willie Snow, getting up, as is Mr. Daniel's daily custom in chapel, and making several announcements, with comments between. Professor Leon Smith, acted by Dorothy Ware, rose, held glasses to one eye, and called out the number of the hymn. After the hymn Dorothy made a short speech filled with Professor Smith's pet expressions.

Helen Mullino played the part of Prof. Idus McKellar. She told a story of the days when Professor McKellar was a student at Emory, to which he daily refers. Grace Laramore, depicting Professor Rosser, announced some "collateral reading of transcendent beauty."

Ruth Benton, as Miss Virginia Garner, dressed in Miss Garner's favorite hat and coat, talked on *The Jester*. Laura Garden depicted Mrs. Comer, and made a short speech in Mrs. Comer's rapidly-speaking way, about the French club she was organizing.

Dean J. C. Hinton was the hit of the occasion. Ruth Flinn was dressed like him, talked like him and acted like him. As she discussed her data and records, the house roared. Elsa Logan depicted Miss Lillian Whitman; Louise Cooper, Miss Maude Chaplin; Myrtice Deal, Mrs. M. M. Burks; Rebecca Caudill, Mr. M. C. Quillian; Nona Patterson, Miss Loulie Barnett; Annelu Hightower, Miss Lois Rogers; and Sue Ellen Morton, Miss Rosetta Rivers.

In the second act, which was a faculty meeting scene, Dr. C. R. Jenkins, played by Myrtle Paulk, held the center of the stage. Such things as "conditions" and restrictions were the chief subjects of discussion.

Kathrina Bush and Julia Mobley were called before the faculty for cutting breakfast. Kathrina gave as her excuse the fact that she couldn't find her A. T. O. pin, and couldn't go to breakfast without it.

Sadie Cox and Parah Clark were two students called before the faculty for going to the Grand to see "Scandal." When they fainted, Marian Robinson, depicting Mrs. White, rushed up and declared, "Nothing is the matter with them."

The play was given under the supervision of Florence Trimble, who, in the first scene, took the part of Miss Anne Chenault Wallace. Mary Chatfield was business manager of the evening for the senior class.

OXFORD PLAYERS AT WESLEYAN.

On Monday evening, March 1, *Nevertheless, The Medicine Show*, and *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*, were given at Wesleyan by the Oxford players of Emory Academy.

These are three charming examples of the best standard American drama by the successful playwright, Stuart Walker, and delighted all lovers of good literature and good acting.

The Oxford boys and girls are ambitious in their choice of plays, and came to Wesleyan on a tour which included, besides Wesleyan, G. N. & I. C. and Bessie Tift.

* * * *

The Wesleyan Spanish Club was organized recently with Elizabeth Baugh as its president. The club will meet once a week and at the meetings current topics of interest will be discussed in Spanish. All conversation will be carried on in the foreign tongue.

* * * *

WESLEYAN SENIORS ENTERTAIN.

In a setting of Southern smilax, palms and wedding-bells, the seniors of Wesleyan College entertained seventy-five young men of Macon Mercer University and near-by towns last month at a Leap Year fete.

The Leap Year idea was carried out in every detail including the decorations, the refreshments, the games played, and the choosing of partners by the young women. In the grand parlor, where most of the evening was spent, Southern smilax was used in profusion, gracefully draping the white lace curtains, twining around the chandeliers and hanging over the white arch connecting the parlor with the library.

A smaller arch made for the occasion stood in one corner of the room. It was twined with smilax. In the center of the arch hung an enormous white bell. The lights in the room were shaded with green and gold crepe paper.

In the reception room and halls, where the guests were first received, large wicker baskets filled with jonquils were

used. The lights here were shaded with green and gold paper, the colors of the senior class. As in the grand parlor smilax draped the curtains and twined the chandeliers. At the front entrance hung an enormous green pasteboard heart on which the guests registered as they came in.

The guests were met at the door by three girls, dressed as Cupids, and carrying bows and arrows, who checked the men's hats and coats. All the other girls assisting the seniors in serving and entertaining also wore Cupid costumes. These girls were Lois Passmore, Carolyn Crittenden, Willie Lee Olliff, Agnes Walker, Marguerite Roberts, Marie Boyett and Josephine Franklin.

The senior girls were numbered; and as the men registered, as they arrived, on the heart, across from certain numbers, their fate for the first part of the evening was settled. The girl with the number corresponding to the registration number of the man was his partner for the first fifteen minutes.

Later in the evening a game of cross-questions and crooked answers was played. All the girls were given little candy hearts with short sentimental questions printed on them, such as "Will you?" "Do you?" "Can I?" "Will you be mine?" and so on. The men had the hearts with the answers to them, which were just as foolish as the girls' questions. They stood in two rows facing each other, and as each girl read her question, the man facing her read his answer.

Another game that afforded a great deal of fun was the proposal contest. A box full of telegraph blanks on which were the men's names, was passed among the girls. Each girl chose a name and wrote a proposal to the man whose name she drew. The proposal could not be over ten words long. The man also had to answer the telegram in ten words. The telegrams were delivered by Miss Isma Swain, a sophomore, who was dressed as a Western Union boy.

Among the guests invited were: Messrs. Felton Fincher, Jule Felton, Allen Dennis, Foreman Hawes, Sam Morton, Dr. Grover Jones, Dr. Albert Jelks, Marion Masee,

Cleveland Massee, Lee Snow, Clyde Allen, Jim Rigdon, Kenneth Bryant, Lucius Polhill, Charlie O'Quinn, Walker Laramore, Cubbedge Snow, Charlton Adams, Frank Jones, Fred Moore, Helon Chichester, Mercer James, John O'Quinn, Felix Wilson, Clarence Jones, Gene Torrence, Troy Davis, Jimmi Teresi, Ben Holzclaw, Yancey Hill, Leon Smith, T. C. Rowland, Jimmie Walker, George Gammage, Lawton Ware, Julian McDuffie, H. J. Copeland, Lawton Lewis, Erie Sinclair, Carlton Binns, Ross Williams, Sam Walker, Robert Gamble, Ned Warren, Alex Weaver, George Craven, Ed Swinson, Halcombe Green, O. H. Spivey, Cullen Freeman, James Whiteside, John Larken, T. J. Slade, Julian Grasuer, Harry Williams, Maxwell James, Lane Coachman, Lloyd Posey, Homer Williamson, J. D. Rambo, Hollinger Andrews, Howard Jelks, Ben Johnston, Stuart Bush, Dr. J. M. Hollis, George Sparks, Bryon Carter, E. Y. Mallory, William Ainsworth, Charlie Price Netherton, Dr. W. A. Newman, Ed Flanders, Francis Etheridge, Fisher Craft, and Bigham Smith.

* * * *

The Wesleyan class in journalism edited the Macon Telegraph for March 26. They wrote all local news, editorials, society news and sports news. The edition reflects great credit on the class.

* * * *

The Student Government Association has elected its officers for the year 1920-21. They will go into office about the middle of April.

The officers elected are: Clyde Smith, president; Annie Rosa Wright, vice-president; Lora Waterman, secretary; Hazel Hester, treasurer; Sarah Beauchamp, president of Main building; and Flora Rich, president of Annex.

* * * *

The Wesleyan Glee Club has taken two of its trips for the 1920 season. It gave concerts in Sandersville and Waynesboro on one trip; and in Albany, Americus and Montezuma on the other. From the reports that have reached the college, the club made a great hit wherever it went.

Y. W. C. A. Department

RUTH DUNKIN, *Editor.*

REBECCA CAUDILL	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH CLANTON, <i>Undergraduate Field Representative</i>	
LORA WATERMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MABEL WOODWARD	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNELU HIGHTOWER	<i>Treasurer</i>
DOROTHY WARE, <i>Chmn. Religious Meetings Committee</i>	
RUTH DIGGS	<i>Chmn. Missionary Committee</i>
RUTH DUNKIN	<i>Chmn. Service Committee</i>
MILDRED SHELTON	<i>Chmn. Publicity Committee</i>
MARY CHATFIELD	<i>Chmn. Social Committee</i>

"Not by Might, nor by Power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The most impressive vesper service of the Y. W. C. A. this spring was March 28, when the fading torches of the association officers of the past year were replaced by the newly lighted torches of the incoming cabinet members.

Just at sunset the Wesleyan student body gathered in the chapel as Miss Barnett played softly on the pipe organ. After the music the old and new cabinet members assembled on the stage for the candle installation service, during which the new officers lighted their new candles at the fading ones of the retiring officers.

The program was as follows:

Organ Prelude—Miss Loulie Barnett.

Hymn—"Lead On, O King Eternal."

Violin Solo—"Angel's Serenade"—Helen McKinney.

Scripture—Joshua I: 1-9.

Prayer—Ruth Diggs.

Solo—"Be Thou My Light"—Music by Reginald W.

Billin—Grace Laramore.

Talk—Rebecca Caudill.

Candle Service.

Talk—Christine Glenn.

Hymn—"Now the Day Is Over."

Benediction.

The new officers are:

President—Christine Glenn, Americus, Ga.

Undergraduate Field Representative—Margaret Jones, Cairo, Ga.

Vice-President—Mabel Woodward, Vienna, Ga.

Secretary—Zula Bell Hill, Portland, Tenn.

Treasurer—Irene Sewell, Luthersville, Ga.

Chairman Religious Meetings Committee—Emma Kate Mansfield, Columbus, Ga.

Chairman Service Committee—Catherine Rourk, Savannah, Ga.

Chairman Missionary Committee—Marion Padrick, Tifton, Ga.

Chairman Publicity Committee—Mildred Shelton, Atlanta, Ga.

Chairman Social Committee—Mary Fagan, Savannah, Ga.

* * * *

Miss Mary L. Cady, executive secretary of the Educational Department of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., visited the city association the latter part of March. Knowing her ability as a speaker and her knowledge of people the Vocational Committee of the Wesleyan Y. W. C. A. invited Miss Cady to speak at the Tuesday night service. Miss Cady's talk, "Social Service as a Vocation for Women," was one of the most instructive which we have had this year.

* * * *

Miss Elizabeth Gaines, special student worker, visited our Association last month. Miss Gaines had a special meeting of the recently elected cabinet members and the new and old Missionary Committees.

* * * *

Mrs. J. E. McRee, owner and manager of the Daffodil Cafe of Atlanta, presented most attractively at a special meeting of the Association held March 29, "Domestic

Science as a Vocation for Women." The keynote of her talk was

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

* * * *

Through the Missionary Department a most interesting and informing exhibit of missionary posters sent out by the Y. W. C. A. was displayed at the college for several days last month.

* * * *

Miss Edith M. Hazlett, traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, visited the college April 6-7.

Alumnae Notes

RUTH BENTON, *Editor*

Mrs. Letitia White, of Hawkinsville, announces the engagement of her daughter, Mary Emma, to Mr. Charles B. Fitzgerald, of Conyers, the wedding to be solemnized in June.

* * * *

Miss Zida Adair, '18, of Chipley, was the recent guest of Miss Ruth Diggs.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. James Nathaniel Walker, of Monticello, have announced the birth of a daughter, to be called Virginia Benton. Mrs. Walker was formerly Miss Lucye Benton.

* * * *

Misses Addis Mims, '18, Sarah Forbes, '19, and Clara Carter, '19, attended the Educational Association held in Macon, March 25-27.

* * * *

Beautiful in its simplicity was the wedding of Miss Corinne McKenzie, of Montezuma, to Mr. Richard Forrester, which was solemnized at the bride's home on Wednesday morning, March tenth. Dr. Forrester, pastor of the Montezuma Baptist Church and father of the groom, officiated. Only the families and intimate friends of the bride and groom were present. Mr. and Mrs. Forrester left immediately after the ceremony to spend their honeymoon in Florida.

* * * *

Misses Paula Snelling, '19, and Jessie Barnes, '18, were the guests of Miss Mamie Lou Thomas for several days last month.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Thornton, of Tallapoosa, announce the marriage of their daughter, Rosa Ella, to Mr. Dean Atkinson Strickland, April 12.

Exchange Department

ANNELU HIGHTOWER, *Editor.*

In reviewing the *Davidson College Magazine* for January—the first copy of it that we have received—we are impressed by the size of the magazine. It is unusually large for a college monthly, and on examining the contents we find that there is great variety of material also—five short stories, three articles, and six pieces of verse, besides the regular departments. Of the stories, *The Eternal Jew* is by far the best. Although *The Plot That Failed* is very well written, the title mars somewhat the surprise element at the end. The ending of *The Prayer of Rachel* leaves one wondering how the existence of an elder brother could have been absolutely unknown to Remi. We feel that such an effort as *Who Having Eyes, See Not*, by “Ophelia Harte” is entirely out of place in a college publication which aspires to any literary dignity whatever. There are two bad grammatical errors in it, in addition to its general rambling tone and weakness of plot—if one could say that it has any plot at all. Of the articles in this issue, both *Our Future Military Policy* and *The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of* are very well treated indeed, and their literary style is excellent. The writer of the latter hits the nail on the head when he says, “People believe in spiritualism chiefly because they want to.” The spirit of the article on Des Moines is splendid—it is the first report which we have seen in which the writer makes definite application of the truths heard in the meetings to life on his own campus. But why, oh, why does he need to spoil his article by grammatical errors too? The sentiment of one of the pieces of verse in the magazine, *What Is Life?* is especially good, while the poem *Yet Hope Shall Rise Again* is beautiful. The descriptive words are well chosen, while the rhyme and meter are irreproachable—something all too rare in many of our college magazines. We quote two lines descriptive of the sunset:

"How brightly glints the restless main below that dying light,

And tosses up his low, fierce waves magnificently bright."

The Death Of Winter, which would be good otherwise, we find spoiled again by another inexcusable mistake in grammar, in the second line. The book reviews show a keen interest in current writing.

We congratulate the *Davidson College Magazine* on its abundance and variety of material, which bespeak the hearty co-operation of the student body, and we wish for it all success in the future.

* * * *

The observation that so few of the college publications which reach our exchange shelf are absolutely free from some form of error leads us to ask why a magazine which purports to represent the institution from which it is sent out allows such errors to creep into its pages. Typographical errors we can condone, for they are but one of the many ills which any form of printed matter is heir to, and which the most careful of editors will sometimes let slip by in the proof; but mistakes in spelling, grammar, punctuation, and sentence structure we feel should be run down in the original manuscripts and not be permitted to lower the tone of a publication by appearing in its pages. Much of the material in most of our magazines is not startlingly original, and some of it has little claim to literary value; but it seems to us that it should at least have the saving grace of absolute correctness. Correcting copy and proof is tedious work at best; but surely the most scrupulous care is not too much to ask of an editor—who should feel personally responsible for every line that goes into his publication, no matter how many others on the staff have O. K'd the copy and proof. We agree heartily with the exchange editor of the *Hollins Magazine*, who says, "The fact remains that the monthly magazine goes out as the foreign ambassador to other colleges. It is hardly fair to the ones who review it, to send out a magazine which is obviously not a true representative of the institution."

The *Winthrop Journal* for February contains an article, *Commercial Art, the Public School Ma'am*, which is highly interesting. It initiates the reader in an informal way into the psychology of posters, billboards, and cartoons. The article is very well written, also. An "If" for Eaters, in the Fun Department, is a truly clever piece of parody. One or two more short stories would, we feel, improve the *Winthrop Journal* a great deal.

* * * *

With the *Hollins Magazine* we again agree, this time that "reading the exchanges each month is a perfectly fascinating task." We wish that time and space permitted a more thorough discussion of our exchanges, but since it does not, we can only acknowledge, with many thanks, the following publications: *The Mount Holyoke Monthly*, *The Tattler*, *The Emory Phoenix*, *The Pine Branch*, *The University of Tennessee Magazine*, *The Bessie Tift Journal*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Oracle*, *The Chronicle*, *The Alchemist*, *The Ward-Belmont Hyphen*, *The Petrel*, *The Florida Alligator*, *The Southern*, *The Wo-Co-Ala News* and *The Red and Black*.

E. M. L., '20.

The Catch-All

AFTER THE GAME.

"How was the game?" the fellows said,
When I came home that night.
"You look as if you felt like—
Well, as if things were not right."

"The game? the game? how do I know?
The girl I went with has no sense—
She sat and raved—yes, that's the word;
She questioned me to death.
I've talked myself quite black and blue;
I've absolutely lost my breath!

"Which side is which? how do you know?
What made that ball go down so low?
What is that wire thing on his face?
Why does he stand there in that place
Behind the man who holds the stick?
What makes him sling it 'round so quick?
Does only one bat at a time?
Why don't they all stand up in line?
What happened when he caught that ball?
Oh, I just knew that he would fall!

"What are those doing, 'way outside?
Oo—oo—oo—oo—did you see him slide?
Why does he fling his arms that way?
My goodness—can't that big one play?

"Why do they run around like that?
Why don't they all use just one bat?
I'm simply crazy over ball!
Do go on—please explain it all!"

"And there I sat in the broiling sun,
And listened to the fair one rave,
And wished that I might cool my brain
Beneath the ocean's rolling wave!"

A. L. H., '20.

* * * *

SUPPOSE

No one should get excused from church next Sunday.
Mr. Daniel should cut chapel.
We didn't have any proctors for a week.
We all cut breakfast some morning.
Mr. Smith should forget all his jokes.
Mr. Quillian should stop talking for two consecutive minutes in lab.
The curtain should rise on time for anything in the chapel.
Fannie Belle should be caught speaking in a whisper.
Bill Snow should be seen without a smile.
Miss Rogers were to sing in chapel some morning. (We don't mean a solo.)

M. G., '21.

* * * *

During the storm, 4th Tower was badly flooded. While surveying the debris, Ruth Flinn suddenly became aware that the photograph of her best beau was placidly floating around in the angry waters. Instead of displaying any alarm, however, she merely remarked, "Oh, well, he used to be in the Navy, so I don't reckon he minds a little thing like that!"

* * * *

First freshman, passing second freshman in the hall—Hi!
Second freshman—'Lo!

* * * *

Notice read at the dinner table—The Student Volunteer Band will meet after dinner.

M. S.—Oh, do let's go hear them play!

* * * *

D. H.—I surely do have a punk time getting to my seat in chapel every morning; I have to climb over a big Hill, then crawl over a Hogg—I sit in H, you know.

Student in physiology—Mr. Quillian, which shall we label it, the hepatic duct or the bile duct?

"Bug"—It doesn't make a diff of bitterence.

* * * *

E. L.—Some of these dining-room maids must have been reading Milton lately.

R. C.—Why?

E. L.—Well, they seem to have the idea that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

* * * *

X—I went to see "Mary's Ankle" yesterday.

Y—What's the matter with it—sprained?

* * * *

Mary—Oh, how I long for your sweet disposition.

Ab—And how I long for you to have it!

* * * *

R. S. (translating French)—And he had a little bed, although it was very large.

* * * *

M. S., seeing all the lights in Annex suddenly go off—Well, I'll declare—guess the fume must have burnt out!

* * * *

HEARD DURING THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

S. C.—I got three offers of positions today, but haven't decided yet which one I'll accept.

J. M.—All I could get was an offer of the chair of math at Tech.

A. H.—I believe I could get a rocking-chair at Georgia.

R. C.—Shucks—I'd be content with a three-legged stool at Emory!

* * * *

THE LIBRARIAN.

(With apologies.)

At times behind a desk she sits,

At times about the room she flits—

Folks interrupt her perfect ease

By asking questions such as these:

- "Where is Bulletin 54?"
 "What *is* the matter with that door?"
 "I want 'Legends of the Middle Ages.' "
 "What *has* become of all these pages?"
 "Have you Charles and Mary's Lamb-Tales from Shakespeare?"
 "Where's Thorndike? It's gone from here."
 "Has the new copy of *Life* come yet?"
 "Isn't she the tackiest one you ever met?"
 "Where will I find the M3 books?"
 "Is that the way McMurray looks?"
 "Have you a Life of Bonaparte?"
 "Will you please tell me how to start
 A history theme on 'France the Fair'?
 I cannot find a thing in there."
 "What are those things that sing in trees?"
 "Is this a book on keeping bees?"
 "What do we have in Soph'more lit?
 I never can keep up with it."
 "Where is that book? It's *green*, I know."
 "Who was it said 'With my crossbow'?"
 "Who took away that signing book?
 I just *must* have it—that's no joke."
 "How *can* I get my pencil sharp?"
 "Who is the man that plays the harp?"
 "What new magazines have come?"
 "Is this your ink? Can I have some?"
 "When must I bring 'The Doctor' in?"
 "Please, may I fill my fountain pen?"

And thus she sits from day to day,
 Thinking the things she dare not say.

—A. L. H., '20.

* * * *

A NOVELETTE.

(With apologies to "Jerry.")

The night is still,—still with the stillness of death. The
 gentle, flower-perfumed winds shriek in the trees. The

moon hangs in its accustomed place, tilted at the proper angle. Wild clouds pursue each other across the sky. A peaceful hush has descended over all. The lightning flashes and the thunder rolls at four-minute intervals.

(Enter the heroine.) Alysse Forget-me-knot de Tack is a lovely, sylph-like young person aged forty-five (45) years and weighing two hundred and fifty (250) pounds. She flops gracefully into a large rocking chair, fanning herself vigorously with a turkey-tail fan held delicately in her lily white fist.

She looks up the street. She looks down the street. She hears foot steps slowly approaching, and she heaves a sigh from the depth and width of her being. Her heart flutters. She gasps for breath. He is coming toward the gate. (No particular person is meant by "He." Any one of the masculine declension will do. This, of course, as you may have already surmised, is the Hero. Our story lacks only one more element, a disturbing one. It will appear in due time.)

Our heroine pats her wig into place coquettishly, and fixes her teeth in a little more securely. All is now in readiness for the entrance of the hero.

"Miss de Tack, I believe," the gentleman utters, with a courtly bow.

"You betcha life," she responds, with an engaging grin. His appearance seems to puzzle her. There is something simple in his expression, though she cannot exactly fathom it.

"Dearest one," he cries, seizing her hand as if he were going under for the third time, "do you not remember me? Ah, how often I—"

"Alysse," a voice screeches from upstairs, "it is 7:30, and you must come into the house."

As Alysse is about to answer meekly, an unearthly yell falls upon the ears of the young people. Instantly our hero rushes up the stairs and dashes into the room whence the noise proceeds. A huge mouse is approaching our heroine's mother, who stands, petrified with fear. Without a moment's hesitation the brave man draws an air rifle from his pocket and fires. The monster drops dead in his tracks.

"Oh, sir, you have saved my life. How can I reward you?" gasps the grateful woman.

"I will be his reward, Mother," Alysse announces with her sweetest simper.

He is in the clutches of Fate and cannot escape—for this is the good year 1920.

A. L. H., '20.

* * * *

HINTS TO CHAPEL SPEAKERS.

Since so many of the dear friends who come to us from near and far and who drop us a word or two of cheer at the chapel exercises often seem at a loss to know what to say, we offer the following suggestions to future speakers:

1. Never fail to begin your talk with "Young ladies, it gives me *great* pleasure to be here and to look into your bright and shining faces this morning!"

2. If you are a man, always tell your audience with a suitable simper that you can get along all right when talking to *one* girl at a time, but that you never *could* manage to talk to more than one! (At this point do not be alarmed if you hear a noise like escaping steam behind you, as it is probably only Mr. Daniel smiling out loud—he does that sometimes).

3. Do not fail to impress your audience with the novel idea that they are living in the most wonderful age through which the world has ever passed.

4. Be sure to say that you would give—oh, any old sum between \$10,000 and \$10,000,000 will do—just to be at your audience's age once again, with life spreading out its golden panorama before you.

5. If you were not expecting to be called on to speak when you came in to the chapel exercises, you may make a few impromptu remarks on any of the following subjects, which have been selected for your benefit on account of their popularity with all college students:

- a. Work. This is especially effective if accompanied by the hymn, "Work, for the Night is Coming," played *andante* on the pipe organ, if it happens to be working that day.

- b. Opportunity.
- c. Character.
- d. Service.
- e. Friendship.
- f. The Value of a College Education.

6. Never let your speech be over forty-five minutes in length, so as to give Dr. Jenkins at least thirty minutes for suitable post-scriptory remarks before the next class.

E. M. L., '20.

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